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very well taken. She said: "Let's clean the Main Street side of the tower from the sidewalk up to everybody's clock." Yes, it is everybody's building. She suggested that Jay Cerra would make the sign that we would affix to the building announcing what we have done and what we will do. She was all fired up. She spoke to HLRP at some length when she called when I was in town. Doubtless she had just seen her name in the morning paper. Jean Colville: "Dad wants to give more money to the Restoration." Jean: "Carbondale City Hall isn't the prettiest thing in town, but it does show that Carbondale has roots." HLRP's note to me about the call reads: "Call Jean Colville What responsibility City Hall." My call to Jean was at 1 P.M. and her number is 282-5685, and the call was made on 06-26-1982. After speaking with Jean, I called Anthony Konchar and he asked if I could meet him in Elkdale Cemetery in a half hour. He had the stone repaired and he wanted to know where it was to be installed. I was delighted. That is the way I like to do things. I called him at 1:30 or so and at 2:15 I was shaking his hand in Elkdale Cemetery. He explained that his truck was loaded with stones at the moment and that he could not install it today, could he do it on Monday or Tuesday, the 28th or 29th. Yes, that would be very nice. He apologized about taking so long. Well, he had not been long at all. He has been very fast. I explained that I had other cemetery jobs for him, on a job-available basis, and he did not say no. I would like to get him on contract to help straighten the stones in Maplewood that need work as well as those in Elkdale that need work as well as those in Clinton that need work. He is a very nice man and very pleased that I am so interested in cemeteries and he likes me. Excellent, we shall proceed full stem ahead. We walked around Elkdale looking at stones and I showed him the upper gate and he said that it would be through there that he would bring in the recently-repaired Christiana Bruce stone. I can hardly wait to see it in the ground. It must look wonderful. What a service Donald and I have performed for the family. Repairing sacred family tombstones. It gives me a wonderful feeling to do such things. Doing such things makes me feel incredibly alive and connected to the world. I plan to spend the rest of my life doing such things. Konchar will send the bill. I went home and asked WSP if he had any kind of spray that I could use on the bamboo in Maplewood and before I knew it I had a whole spraying operation all set up, filled with two gallons worth of WSP's \$75 weed killer. I also had a battery of cutting instruments for cutting down small shrubs and off to Maplewood I went. I arrived at the cemetery at 3:30 and I left at 7:30. When I arrived Suchnick was sitting on his front stairs and I went over and we chatted and told him what I was about to do. He reported that Florence Price Box had been down and that she was disturbed that the flowers on her plot in the Cemetery were stolen and why did that happen. She was all worked up over something, at any rate, she resigned from the Board of Directors of the Cemetery. Well, so much for her. If she is going to resign because her flowers were taken from the grave, than that is too bad. She had to realize that that is one of the consequences of the way things are. People do steal cemetery flowers and if she is going to resign because of that then let her resign. Her resignation scene was, I'm sure, just a way of getting some attention. She was doubtless feeling neglected, depressed, abandoned or whatever. At any rate, she chose Suchnick as her audience. The Cemetery will proceed ahead without Florence Price Box and that is all there is to it. Like most of the lot holders in the Cemetery, she feels that her plot is the only one that exists in the Cemetery and that all attention should be directed to that plot and to that plot alone, well that is not how things are and she will have to learn that lesson once and for all.

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Armed with WSP's sprayer and weed killer (WSP gave me four tablespoons of his \$75 per gallon weed killer) I sprayed in a wide circle around the Russell stone at the south end of the Cemetery and then went directly to the bamboo at the north end of the Cemetery. Two tablespoons per gallon of water and a gallon of the weed killer costs \$75. I had a grand time spraying the bamboo. I hope it works because Suchnick was all eyes and ears. If it works than the Cemetery will buy a gallon for its own use. The results will be visible when next I am in Carbondale which will be this week. I finished spraying the two gallons and then I attacked the small shrubs and trees that were growing the in middle section of the Cemetery--the section just north of the area where the EPJ stone is as well as the area around the EJP stone. I cut down clearly 300 small shrubs and trees and cut off the lower branches of several spruce trees and trimmed up several of the huge maples by the wall at the Cemetery Street side of the Cemetery. I worked with a frenzy for four hours cutting and trimming and I was absolutely out of energy when I decided to stop at 7:30. I hope that my efforts will be noted and appreciated by Suchnick and others. I did a lot of very good trimming and tiding up and I, of course, could see how much better it looked after I had finished doing what I was doing. I trust it will be visible to others as well. I will have another session therein probably over the weekend of July 17th. Mrs. Emmons and her husband saw me in the Cemetery I think. I think I saw them on the porch of their house on Cemetery Street. We shall see if she says anything the next time that I see her. After my session in Maplewood I went home and bathed and ate and rested. On Sunday morning I did not get up until 11:30--so exhausted was I. We ate dinner and WSP took me for a drive around the golf course to admire the flowers and such. It looks beautiful and WSP is understandably proud of his flowers. I then went down to RTP's for a visit and the whole family was there and we sat at the table and chatted and April was readying some of her drawings and paintings and collages for entry in the Harford Fair. RTP was involved with his gardening and I had a tour of all that. I went into the fields and picked a gigantic bouquet of wild flowers and prepared them for the journey back to NYC. I spent an hour or so visiting at RTP's and that was pleasant. I went back to the Homestead and packed my belongings and flowers and WSP drove me to Carbondale for the 4 P.M. bus and that was that. There was a stowaway on the bus and we were delayed for a half hour while the young black man was extricated and the Carbondale police were called in and there was a whole to-do and finally we were on our way, one half hour late. I came directly here to the office and unpacked the things that belong here at the office: tape recorder, clippings, City Hall notes and such and got a head start on Monday. I worked very productively and was here until rather late, after all, I did not get up until 11:30 on that morning and so I was a veritable bundle of energy that evening. I got a great deal done. While in Maplewood on Saturday afternoon, I discovered, much to my pleasure, that someone had placed a potted plant at the tombstone of Alive Voyle Rashleigh. I hope that whoever it was, noted that a marigold had been planted at the tombstone as well. I would love to know who did it. I would love to have been hiding in the bushes and to watch the person who put the flowers on AVR's grave. I asked HLRP who might have done it and she said that Jennie Voyle, AVR's niece, settled the estate after AVR died and that she lived in Olyphant. I checked the phone book and was unable to find a Jennie Voyle in Olyphant. My weekend in Carbondale was short, but very productive and gratifying. It was one day shorter than my usual three-day stay there and it did seem shorter. I have gotten accustomed to the three-day weekend every other week. As the bus was going up Canaan Street I saw John Buberniak and several other people seated on the Buberniak porch. He looked at the bus and I think he may have seen me in the window. He looked exactly in my direction and I in his. I'll ask him if he saw me.